MERLIN in LOVE:

OR,

Youth againſt Magic.

A PANTOMIME OPERA.

In FIVE ACTS.

MERLIN in LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an apartment in the Doctor's houſe: A table with a bottle, and two glaſſes.*——Harlequin, *in amorous grimace with* Columbine, *the Doctor's daughter.*

They repreſent, in ſilent action, the gradual advance of a courtſhip; in which ſhe appears, firſt, coy and reſerved; then ſoftened and ſatisfied; and, at length, tender and paſſionate.

They then break a piece of gold, and, exchanging the two halves, embrace, kiſs, and plight a formal and ſolemn promiſe, in dumb ſhow.

Here they are interrupted, by the entrance of the Doctor; who brings Merlin *with him, dreſs'd like a conjurer, with his wand, long beard, and trailing robe.*

MOCK-RECITATIVO.

Doct. CALL all things, here, your own,
Moſt ſage magician!

Merl. Wou'd——you excepted *none!*
O learn'd phyſician!——

Doct. *All*——*All*——I freely grant.
Merl. Since long I've ſought her:
Includes the Doctor's grant
The Doctor's *Daughter?*

Doct. How bleſs'd my Columbine,
That *you* approve her!
Come hither, Romp of mine;
Receive this Lover.

Harlequin, *during this laſt Scene, appears ſurpriz'd, uneaſy, jealous.*——Merlin, *amorous, joyful, courtly.*——Columbine, *averſe, ſcornful, angry*——*making ſigns of diſlike, to his beard, his age, and pretenſions.*

AIR I.

Merl. Why do thoſe killing eyes,
No longer languiſh?
Why, thro' my boſom, flies,
This hopeleſs anguiſh?

AIR II.

Col. *mocking in the ſame tune and manner.*

Pray, let my eyes alone;
Old men ſee double:
Cou'd you, but clear your own,
'Twou'd eaſe all trouble.

During the time that theſe two airs are ſinging, the Doctor *follows* Harlequin *with action of contempt, to turn him out of the apartment; which he avoids by a mixture of reſpectful compliments, dexterous turns, ſhrugs, airs, and evaſions.*

AIR

AIR III.

Merl. Vain my hope to move her pity!
Sighing age can none create;
Why are old men fools of faſhion?
Youth alone, in love has weight.

Cupid! let my wand command thee:
Come, and charm her heart to love.
If the fair one dares withſtand thee!
Age, and *Magic join'd*, may move.

At the end of the air, Cupid *deſcends, ſinging; and being deſcended, continues the following ſong, in action of court-ſhip, in favour of* Merlin.

AIR IV.

Cupid. See! fair diſturber of a wiſe man's reſt,
Charm'd to his aid, ſee! from above,
Deſcend, the powerful god of love!
Let thy pityleſs breaſt
Conſent to be bleſt:
Nor be blind to a truth that thy paſſion ſhou'd move.

Age with wiſdom do not ſhun,
Youth and folly oft are one.
Light conſenting
Brings repenting:
Will you run
To be undone?
Ah! look back, and here, be won.

Let not *fancied* ills affright you;
Rule, and wealth, and fame invite you:
Be but *willing*—and, 'tis done.

Columbine, *at the end of the ſong, turns away diſdainfully, and rejects the addreſſes of* Cupid.

RECITATIVO.

Merl. Try—ſince Love can plead, and moves not,
Try, if Fortune ſhe approves not:
Fortune, pow'rful Empreſs! *riſe*——
And court her eyes.
[*Strikes the ſtage with his wand, and the figure of Fortune riſes, and makes court, in dumb action, which* Columbine *rejects.*

Merl. In vain, even Fortune tries!
Wiſdom!—ſometimes, woman loves thee,
Wiſdom, ſee! if ſhe approves thee.
[*Calls up the figure of Wiſdom, which ſhe rejects, as before.*

Merl. No——no——no———
Alas! what ſtubborn lengths the cruel go!
Honour is their idol paſſion:
Honour! ſtronger, ev'n than Faſhion!
Honour, *riſe*, and *force* compaſſion.
[*Honour aſcends, courts, and is alſo rejected.*

Merl: Still, ſtill — it will not be!
She ſlights, even thee.
Laſt, then, riſe Pow'r!——the ſex's darling joy,
Riſe, riſe, O Pow'r, and all thy arts employ;
This ſcornful rigour to deſtroy.
[*Power riſes, addreſſes, and is rejected.*

After having ſeverally, in vain, pointed out Merlin *to* Columbine's *choice, they join in a grand dance, keeping* Cupid *for the middle figure.*

During

During all this, Merlin's *dumb action expreſſes hope, love, deſire, reſpect.*——*The* Doctor's, *wonder; and delight, at* Merlin's *ſkill: but anger at his daughter's obſtinacy.*—Harlequin, *terrified, deſpairing, hoping, appears lively, and dejected, by turns; with all the wanton variety of air, look, and action, adapted to his character.*

After the Dance. AIR V.

Col. In vain, deluded Pow'rs! in vain,
You tempt the conſtant heart:
True love is the ſame, both in pleaſure, and pain;
And proof, againſt reaſon, and art.
Fickle Fortune!—I defy thee:
Blind, and wanton, ever turning! [*Fortune ſinks.*
Honour! all, who preſs too nigh thee.
Feel their reſtleſs boſoms burning. [*Honour ſinks.*
To our ruin, Power deceives us: [*Power ſinks.*
Wiſdom, oft, of joy bereaves us: [*Wiſdom ſinks.*
Love, alone, is worth our care,
All is hope, and ſunſhine, there!
Love, alone, is worth our care.

During Columbine's *ſong, Fortune, Honour, Power, and Wiſdom, ſeverally, vaniſh, as ſhe rejects them, in ſinging, with a motion of her hand, and ſtamp of her foot;—and Fortune, when about to diſappear, catching* Cupid *in her arms, carries him down, along with her.*

AIR VI.

Doct. And, why do you look like an aſs?
And, why do you ſigh, like a ninny?
Come, caſt out your devil, the laſs;
And raiſe a new ſpirit within ye. [*The bottle.*
What! tho' ſhe's as croſs, as her mother!
Two glaſſes will waſh her away.
Then, ceaſe to be making a pother:
Here's that, will re-moiſten your clay!

Tho' it make us not *young*, like another,
'Twill make us as brisk, and as gay.
Look!—it smiles, like the day!
Send the girl to her play:
And, like men of sound sense, let us drink her away.

They sit down, at the table, and drink: Merlin *continuing melancholy; sighing, folding his arms, looking down, and shaking his head: and the* Doctor *expressing, in dumb action, a discourse of comfort, and persuasion.*

Harlequin, *in the interim, observing, that* Merlin, *when he sat down, to drink, had deposited his wand against the side of the scene, makes dumb intimation to* Columbine, *of his purpose to steal it.*

She catches the hint, with delight; and, to favour the attempt, by screening him from observation, pretends, officiously, to fill wine for her father.

Merlin, *at approach of his mistress, rises, complaisantly, to offer her his chair, which she declines; and her father pushes her away, in high indignation: during which bustle,* Harlequin *steals the wand, and returns, unobserv'd, to his station.*

The old gentlemen re-assume their chairs, and their glasses: and Harlequin, *beckoning* Columbine, *takes hold of her hand; and, waving the wand, a triumphal chariot, drawn by two doves, whose reins are held by a Cupid, arises under their feet, and carries them up into the air. —— As they ascend, it thunders, and lightens: at the noise of which* Merlin *starts up, frighted; misses his wand, and bursts into great agony.*

RECITATIVO.

Merl. Alas! alas! I'm lost!

Doct. starting up suddenly.
Why?—What's the matter?

Merl. Fool, that I was!—*Ah!*—*Post!*

Doct.

Doct. following Merl. *who traverſes the ſtage in a great heat.*

Why came you at her?
However —— ſince ſhe's parted,
Why, let her be forgotten:
Be not thus broken-hearted;
Love's hopes were always rotten.

Merl. turning haſtily upon him.

Go,——go, ——nor interpoſe,
'Twixt me, and anger.
Is this the duty, that a daughter owes!

Doct. Ah!—Gipſy!—hang her!

Merl. Had I not loſt my wand,
All dangers over-ruling;
Ere this, my powerful hand ——

Doct. Had ſpoil'd their fooling.

Merl. Away——I'll, yet, recover
A new one, to ſupply me:
Then, woe to this bold lover,
Who dar'd defy me.

[Merlin, *taking a book out of his pocket, deſcribes a circle, with it, on the ſtage.*

Doct. You've buſineſs with the devil!
I hate all intervening.
My ſtay might be uncivil,
Since that's your meaning. [*Runs out.*

Merlin, *mutters in his book, the following incantation, in Recitativo.*

Merl. Swinſwang hopandthumpo lethale farcificando!
Grande taſtexalto, quadrill et ombretilmorno!
Toſſalong ſtradlingo, beautiloſto maſculinando!

AIR VII. *Not ſung, but ſpoken.*

Merl. 'Tis done the powerful charm is heard!
Belov'd, by realms below:
Hell's empire, at the ſound, is chear'd!
And joyful Furies glow!

At the close of the air, there appears something, swelling, and leaping, out of the neck of the bottle, which Merlin *takes hold of, and draws up a new wand; with which he walks, angry, about the stage, making flourishes, while he sings.*

AIR VIII.

Merl. Rise, from your frightful caverns, rise,
Ye winds, that drive the deep!
Roar, in your race, along the skies;
And the seas in surges sweep.
Trace the world from West to East;
And again, from Pole to Pole;
Let the waves in moving mountains, roll!
Let meeting winds to winds impart
Sound, fury, swiftness, dread;
Then, whirling, every way, at once, depart,
And o'er each region spread.
Find him, bring him, sweep him back!
Or, blow,—— till the rooted mountains shake:
And their iron intrails crack!
Go ——sweep him back.

At the end of the air, Merlin *striking the table, it falls together, in form of clouds, at the touch of the wand, and is turned into four Spirits, in figure of the four Winds, who first, forming a short, swift, and violent dance, separate, and rush out, four different ways.* —— Merlin, *then, goes off, with revengeful and threatening action.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *a wild, rocky, proſpect, with an opening, in front, that deſcends to* Merlin's *cave;— an old hollow tree growing cloſe by its entrance.*

Merlin *comes up, out of the cave, and looks, every way, round, with action expreſſing melancholy, and impatience.*

AIR IX.

Merl. AH!—fatal road of life! thro' vales of woe!
Where pale deſpair
Tho' at each ſtage of reſt, gay roſes blow,
Feels the ſharp thorn of care!
Ah me!---what teaches knowledge? but to know
The pains, which man is doom'd to undergo!
Life's a light, and gaudy bubble,
Gilt with hope, and broke by trouble:
Every paſſion, ſpite of reaſon,
Rules us, in--and out of, ſeaſon.
Man is only born, to know
Variety, of never-ending woe.

A Spirit [*one of the four Winds*] *deſcends, and whiſpers* Merlin: *who ſeems briſker, upon the intelligence brought him; and, after ſeeming to give orders to the Spirit, puts him into the hollow tree: and returns, himſelf, into the cave.*

Muſic, in the air.——*The chariot deſcends, with* Harlequin *and* Columbine; *and, after they are alighted, flys up again, and diſappears.*

They embrace, in high rapture; as, for joy, at their eſcape; but look round, as wondering what place they are brought to.

AIR

AIR X.

Harlequin *trips time to her ſinging.*

Col. 'Tis over——'tis over——
And I, and my lover,
In freedom eſcaping, forget the paſt pain.
Let us ſhake off our chain,
And new pleaſures obtain;
For life, without loving, is living, in vain.

In the midſt of their tranſport, muſic is heard, under ground, and the place, upon which they are ſtanding, begins to riſe under them.——Harlequin, *in a great fright, runs about, as in ſearch of a place, wherein to hide* Columbine; *and at length, putting her into the hollow tree, ſtands behind it, himſelf; and peeps, expreſſively, at what paſſes.*

Then, ariſes, ſlowly, to the ſound of the ſubterranean muſic, a huge muſhroom, covering eight or nine feet of the ſtage; and, from under it, thro' a little arch'd door, that opens, in the ſtalk, come out two Fairies, (a lover, and his miſtreſs,) follow'd by a Fairy blackamore page, carrying a ſcaling ladder, for his Lord and Lady to mount by.

AIR XI. DUETTA.

Sung by Children.

He Fairy. Gentle Fay!
Pip, the gay!
See! the day
She. Smiles, like thee;
He. And, to me,
Cries—kiſs her, and play:
She. Come——trip, trip, away;
'Tis pity to ſtay,
All day,
In the duſk of our ſhades, when, above ground, we may
Both. Dance the ſun-ſhine away.

He.

2.

He. Muſhroom!——beneath whoſe gloom we dwell;
Thou, roof, to our cell!
Continue to ſwell;——
She. Let our ſize
Alſo *riſe*,
Ten inches nearer to the ſkies!
He. That my Fay's enchanting eyes
Alluring the ken
Of giant men,
May the ladies, that live here above-ground, diſgrace,
And ſhame all the race;
Tho' my Pip cou'd ſcarce furniſh a noſe for their face.
She. Hard caſe!
Both. That the greateſt, in charms, ſhou'd be ſmalleſt, in ſpace!

3.

He. How that ſmile
Can beguile!
To the page] *Hop*, come hither——mark your time;
Set the ladder,——let us climb:
I wou'd be *rais'd*, and look *ſublime!*
For, who ſhou'd more exalted be,
She. Than he,
Who, loving, thus, is, thus, belov'd by, thee!
Than ſhe,
Who, loving, thus, &c.
He. Than he——
She. Than ſhe——
Both. Who, loving, &c.

[*They ſtrut, in ſtate, round the muſhroom, while* Hop *ſets up the ladder, againſt it; then, climb up, and form a dance, on the top of it.* Hop *takes away the ladder, and returns, as he came, ſhutting the door in the ſtalk, after him.*

After

After the dance, Harlequin, *who is advanc'd from behind the tree, with action, expreſſing a mixture of fear, pleaſure, and curioſity, coming near the muſhroom, the Fairies diſcern him, and vaniſh, thro' the center of the muſhroom; the woman, firſt; and, then, the man-fairy.* —— *The muſhroom ſinking down, as at firſt.*

Harlequin, *after looking on the place, with ſigns of great wonder and delight, attempts to enter the hollow of the tree, in ſearch of* Columbine: *but, ſtarts back in great fright, at appearance of an overgrown bear, that fills up the trunk, like a centinel.*

After many fearful windings, twiſtings, and reverted looks, at diſtance, he bethinks himſelf of his wand; and, gathering courage to return, ſtrikes the bear, on the noſe.

At touch of the wand, the bear falls down, in form of a path, from the hollow tree, cover'd neatly with a carpet: at the upper part of which, appears Columbine, *in act of deſcending.*

Harlequin *embraces her, in extaſy; and, after mutual expreſſion of rapture, diſcerning the mouth of the cave, points to it, as a place of ſafety, and repoſe.*

AIR XII.

Col. Let us go, with the man, that we love,
Where-ever ill-fortune can carry:
All the dangers on earth, ſhe may venture to prove,
Who dares be ſo bold as to marry.
Step firſt: and I'll follow unfearing;
When hopes are endearing,
And fancy looks chearing,
The worſt ſtroke of Fortune, 'tis eaſy to parry:
When the call is from love, none but cowards will tarry.

[Harlequin *leads her down into the cave: and the ſcene cloſes upon them.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the inſide of* Merlin's *cave. A moſs-bed—a table;—books: and, on one ſide, a large eaſy chair.*

Enter Harlequin, *with* Columbine *weary, and inclinable to ſleep.* —— Harlequin *points out the moſs-bed, as a proper ſcene of repoſe: ſhe lies down, on it: and he offers to lie by her ſide; which occaſions a whimſical dumb ſcene of entreaty, on his part, and refuſal on hers.*

AIR XIII. *very ſlow meaſure.*

Col. NO—NO—don't expect it,
Marry, firſt, and, then, 'twill do:
Now—— now—— I MUST reject it;
Wait the grace, and, then, fall to.
You—— men —— early taſting,
Spoil your ſtomach, ere 'tis noon;
Then,—— then —— wou'd keep US faſting,
'Cauſe YOURSELVES have eat, too ſoon!

After the air, ſhe directs him to the eaſy chair; into which he leaps, antickly, up, and reclines himſelf, in a lolling, extravagant poſture.

On *a ſudden, the head of the chair ſneezes;* and Harlequin *beginning to move, as in ſurprize, is caught faſt, by an arm of the chair, about his waiſt: at which, twiſting his face round, with great agony and diſtortion, the other arm of the chair is rais'd above his head, which is graſp'd violently by the hand of it.*

Harlequin *roars out, and ſtruggles to get looſe.* Columbine, *behind, ſtarts up, and leans, trembling, againſt the ſide of the cave.*

At length, he breaks free; and, running to a little distance, looks back, in a posture of astonishment; trembling, in expression of horror; and drops his wand, in his escape.

The easy chair rises, slowly, into figure of a man (the back part falling down, to form the tail of his robe) and appears to be Merlin; *who taking up* Harlequin's *wand, surrounds him, with a magical circle.* —— *He falls down, on one knee, and makes signs of prayer, humility, and submission.*

AIR XIV.

Merl. Demons! Furies! rise, and take him,
From his dream of safety wake him;
Let a *whirlwind* rise, and shake him,
Seize him —— break him;
Nor, till lost in air, forsake him.

Two Furies arise, and form a dance round the circle, to the tune of the incantation: to which Harlequin *keeps time, with the trembling of his right knee, and left heel, upon the stage: introducing an apt and doleful groan in each close of the music.*

Columbine, *at length, in pity, appears, and comes forward.*

RECITATIVO.

Col. Ah! —— be not too severe:
Bid, bid, those devils forsake him.
Consider, ——I am here;
And, let *me* take him.

Merl. Ah! welcome, cruel fair!
Let *me* but gain thee:
I wou'd his fate forbear;
Cou'd that obtain thee.

Col. Where must he go? —— *Alas!*

Merl. Where-e'er he pleases.
This wand shall be his pass:

Col. My sorrow ceases.

Go

Go —— fated lover ! —— go,
Wait fairer weather.
Better, to loſe me, ſo !
Than love, and life, together !

Harlequin *weeps, ſhrugs, ſighs, ſhakes his head, makes ſigns that he will hang himſelf : but, after great tokens of reluctance, pulls out his half piece of the gold, that was broke, between him and* Columbine, *and reſtores it dloefully to her.* —— *She gives it, as if unwilling, to* Merlin ; *and, then, taking her own half, from her boſom, tallies, and exchanges the pieces.*

RECITATIVO.

Col. This broken half is mine :
Merl. To mine, I *fit* it.
Col. As, now, both pieces join,
Let both hearts *hit* it.
Merl. Next, as both pieces, thus,
Once more, become divided ;
Col. So, 'till death *ſevers* us,
Reſt truth, in truth, confided.

At a ſignal of Merlin's *wand, the Furies diſappear.*

AIR XV.

Merl. Come hither, poor trembler, and have a good heart,
The danger is over, for ever :
Tho' *one*, thou haſt loſt, thou mayſt gayly depart,
And look out a ſecond, as clever.
Take with thee this wand, and go, try thy ſucceſs,
Whome'er thou ſhalt like, thou mayſt take her :
And, when thou no longer delight'ſt to poſſeſs ;
Turn round like a Lord, and forſake her.

Merlin *leads off* Columbine : Harlequin, *in ſad, and diſmal, airs, goes off, on the other ſide. They look back, ſtep by ſtep ; and, at laſt, burſt away, in agony, at the oppoſite doors ; in mimic imitation of diſtreſs'd lovers in tragedy.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a wheat field, the back unreap'd; —in the front ſome ſtanding ſheaves.*

A reaper, and woman binder, at the foot of one of the ſheaves, at dinner. Bread, cheeſe, and a gallon cag, before them.

Harlequin, *in dumb courtſhip, appears ſuddenly fond of the woman, who expreſſes contempt, and throws cheeſe-parings at him.*

The man, at length, riſes, angry.

AIR XVI.

Clown *WHAT* wou'd you *have* friend — *What* is't, you mean?
You'd *beſt* gang your ways---and leave *us*, aloan:
Sure! 'tis a proudneſs, not often ſeen,
To hinder a *poor* man—from *kiſſing* his oan.

2.

Dorcas, and I, here, meant you no harm---
Your fine, 'broider'd coat d'ant make me afeard:
Folks in the country, keep *foot*, and *arm*,
Enow, to ſecure 'em from ſoon being ſcear'd.

3.

Nay---tho'---by hap now, Dorcas had been
Betray'd here, aloan---I'll tell you one thing:
She had been able---ſhin * againſt ſhin,
To give you, at leaſt, friend, as good as you bring.

Harlequin *cajoles the reaper, ſeems to beg pardon of the girl; and grows exceedingly civil: this, reconciling the Clown,*

---

* Sung with a geſture of throwing out the foot, like a wreſtler.

Clown, he takes the cag, to drink to Harlequin ; *and they ſhake hands : but, while the reaper has the cag at his mouth,* Harlequin *ſtrikes it, with his wand, and it riſes over the countryman's head, falls down, about him, in ſhape of a great barrel ; and ſinks, with him, under the ſtage.*

—The girl, in grief for the loſs of her lover, is addreſſed, with great airs of gallantry, by Harlequin, *who, to entertain, and divert her melancholy, touches the wheat-ſheaves with his wand: upon which, they move, divide, and fall into meaſure ; forming a kind of hop, and thump, dance, in which they go off the ſtage, at different openings.*

Harlequin, *perſiſting in his amorous airs, the girl, growing more and more angry, at length falls upon him, and beats him.*

After breaking out of her hands, he waves his wand, with great indignation, and ſeeming reſentment. It thunders : at which, he looks frighted, and amazed, as expecting a different conſequence.

There ariſe, to him, inſtead of ſpirits, Merlin *and* Columbine.

She reproaches him, in the following air.

AIR XVII.

Col. Ah! falſe, inconſtant man! was this your paſſion ?
You change, by nature, all ; and love, for faſhion !
Your light, uncertain, hearts, are always roving :
And, women, ſtill, are loſt, by truth in loving.
Cou'd I have thought, ſo ſoon, to ſee you changing !
Farewel, fond hope of faith!--Man lives, for ranging.

Harlequin, *in his ſurprize, having dropt his wand,* Merlin *kicks it away, and ſets his foot upon it.*

AIR XVIII.

Merl. Tremble, at thy fate, deceiver !
Hope no more, to 'ſcape the pain
Thou, who, cou'dſt ſo lightly, leave her,
Ne'er deſerv'ſt to pleaſe, again.

2.

Go, prepare --the vengeance waits thee,
Which thy fortune late out-ran:
None will pity, now *she* hates thee;
None *befriend* the perjur'd man.

At the end of the ſongs, it thunders again; and the ſcene is changed, in a moment, into the proſpect of a rolling ſea, ſurrounded with cliffs, ſteep rocks, and precipices: at ſight whereof, Harlequin *runs off the ſtage.*

Furies riſe out of the ſea, with tridents in their hands: and are ſent out by Merlin, *in purſuit of* Harlequin. *They hunt him up and down, round the houſe, and behind the tops of the rocks, ſometimes ſeen and ſometimes not, while* Merlin *below, ſings the following chace, to the ſound of a French horn.*

AIR XIX.

Merl. Up, and down, o'er the hills, from the rock to the vale,
Purſue him, affright him, o'ertake him---*away:*
Let the ſound of the horn wing your ſpeed, as you ſcale,
And drive you upon him, like tempeſts of hail!
Hunt away, hunt away:
See! the light of the day
Seems to double its brightneſs, and points out the way!

At the cloſe of this ſong, one of the Furies enters in front, above the cliffs, with Harlequin *ſticking on the points of his trident; and plunges him into the ſea, in face of the audience---The daſhing of water, heard, at fall of the figure.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the ſea, as before.* Merlin *and* Columbine.

RECITATIVO.

Col. I'LL not be ſatisfied :
No ——
Merl. Why ?---relentleſs fair !
Sure !---when a perjur'd lover died,
He claim'd not this deſpair !
Col. No more ——I *die*, to hear his name,
Who, for my ſake, has bled :
Merl. Yet, while he liv'd, you join'd, to blame.
Col. Alas !---But, now, he's *dead!*
Merl. Wou'd you be pacified, my art
Cou'd, yet, his life reſtore :
But, let an oath convince my heart,
You ne'er will ſee him, more.
Col. I ſwear ——
Merl. Enough. Behold this wand,
Whate'er he dares require,
Who waves it, with commanding hand,
It grants the bold deſire.
Neptune, beneath the ſtormy wreck,
Shall hear its magic call :
And give your periſh'd wand'rer, back,
From his ſea-cover'd hall.
Col. If ſuch, its power, ah ! let *my* hand
That charity beſtow !
Let him, by aid of this dear wand,
To *me*, redemption owe.
To me, who, injur'd, can forgive ;
And will, from death, reſtore :
Then, once, upbraid him—bid him *live*,
And never ſee him more.

Merlin *intruſts her with the wand; and ſhe ſings the following incantation.*

AIR XX.

Col. Down, through the deep, down, far, far, far, below,
Profoundly aweful, and ſerene!
Where whiſp'ring tempeſts are afraid to blow,
And nothing mortal's ſeen!
Hear!—from thy coral groves, great Neptune! hear!
Deſcend, ye Pow'rs, that aid my waving rod!
Deſcend in magic ſounds—go, near;
Strike thro' his ſtorm-reſiſting ear:
And wake the ſleeping god!
Tell him---*love*, that *lives*, to *bleſs*,
Reclaims a wanderer, loſt:
O!——let him ſave me from diſtreſs;
And *free* the fleeting ghoſt.

During the invocation, there ariſes out of the ſea, a huge whale, that covers the whole flat of the ſtage.——In the mouth of the whale, ſits Harlequin, *with a lanthorn in his hand, and ſings, in his aſcending.*

[*Note, a ſinger placed behind him.*

AIR XXI.

Harl. Where *am I?* good people, where *am* I?
It ſmells like a fiſh's belly!
May I never more dive,
If, dead, or alive,
Is a point, that I know, how to tell ye!
But whoever may ha' me,
I am ſure, I don't ſham ye,
When I ſwear, and declare,
That I tremble, and ſtare;
And am melting apace, to a jelly!

The whale continues to riſe, higher and higher, till at length, it forms the roof to a marine palace, ſupported on four ſilvery

ſilvery pillars, glittering like the ſcales of fiſhes.——The ſea re-appears below; and, from the midſt of it, ariſes a coral rock, with Neptune *ſeated on its top; ſurrounded by Tritons below, and Mermaids at more diſtance.*

AIR XXII: *To the ſound of the Tritons' ſhells.*

Nept. Sound, ſound, ye Tritons! ſound your tuneful ſhells!
Tell the mortal, that invokes us,
Magic force, in vain, provokes us;
But, when *love* its ſorrow tells,
Complaining *beauty*, *heard* through all our cells,
Our aid *compels*;
And adamantine hearts to *pity* ſwells!
Tell the Fair One, we approve her;
Send her back, her roving lover,
More ſincere, and grateful to her.——
Let, him ſince his *fancy* choſe her,
Let him---now his *life* he owes her,
With a faithful paſſion, woe her,
Nor purſue her,
Like a falſe one——to undoe her.
Let him, *&c.*

During the ſong, a ſucceſſion of rocks, ariſing from behind, form a winding aſcent to the back part of the roof, whereby Neptune *goes up out of ſight, preceded in ſtate by the Tritons; while the Mermaids ſink into the ſurges.*

The clouds being drawn up from before, there appears, above the roof, a tranſparent arch; to the opening whereof advance the Tritons, from behind; followed by Neptune, *leading* Harlequin, *and delivering him, at the opening of the arch, to the care of two* Cupids: *ſupported between whom, he is gently let down to the ſound of ſoft muſic; and preſented to* Columbine.

AIR XXIII.

Col. Turn, turn away your face,
Leſt this laſt favour,
This final act of grace,
This leave you gave her;
Shou'd bring your miſtreſs woe,
By your repenting:
And you ſhou'd jealous grow,
And curſe conſenting.

AIR XXIV.

Merl. Stretch, as you pleaſe, your grace,
I will not heed it;
See! ſee!——I ſhade my face;
'Twas Love decreed it.

Merlin *turning away his face, and ſhading himſelf behind his robe,* Columbine, *after winking upon* Harlequin, *ſtrikes* Merlin *with the wand, and changes him into an aſs, with a halter about his neck: after which, ſhe dreſſes* Harlequin *in his rival's robe, and puts the wand into his hand; with which, he ſtruts and dances about in ecſtacy: and, at length, mounting on the aſs's back, is led off in triumph by* Columbine, *ſinging.*

AIR XXV.

Col. The wife may take warning, as well as they can,
Still thus, will it come to paſs!
Let a *young* woman looſe, at an *old* cunning man;
The conjurer proves but an aſs.

ATHEL-